THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Obſervations on the Feathers and Down of Domeſtic Fowls.

By M. PARMENTIER.

BIRDS are caught and reared not only for the ſake of their fleſh, their fat, and their eggs, but alſo on account of their feathers. The feathers, given them by nature for their clothing, and to form their principal means of flight, are applied to different purpoſes more or leſs uſeful to ſociety.

Some, remarkable for their ſoftneſs and elaſticity, for the beauty of the filaments of which their barbs are compoſed, ſerve to overſhadow the helmets of warriors, to ornament the head-dreſs of ladies, to form thoſe treſſes and thoſe elegant plumes by which the richeſt articles are ſurmounted.

Others, ſought for on account of the length and ſolidity of their barrels, and the facility with which they can be cut at pleaſure for writing, become the interpreters of our thoughts. Among the Europeans, they form an advantageous ſubſtitute for the reeds employed by the Arabs, and for the ſtyle with which the ancients engraved upon tablets.

There are feathers alſo proper for filling thoſe cuſhions, on which, when fatigued with the labours of the day, we repoſe during the night. It is from among the latter that luxury herſelf has ſelected ſome of peculiar fineneſs, lightneſs, and elaſticity, to form of them a bed on which ſhe enjoys gentle ſleep.

Plumes and other Ornaments of Luxury.

The moſt beautiful and moſt eſteemed of all the plumes are thoſe made of the feathers of the oſtrich, that ſingular biped, which has its feet and parts of generation like thoſe of quadrupeds, the head of birds, and the faculty of laying; the ſtomach

and inteſtines of ruminating animals, and yet the gizzard of fowls; which has its body covered partly with hair and partly with feathers; in a word, which has wings which are not the inſtruments of flying, but only a kind of balance, with which it ſupports itſelf, and eaſily preſerves an equilibrium in the exceedingly rapid courſes which it performs in the deſerts of Africa.

The plumage of the male is black, with ſome gray and white feathers; that of the female is brown, and of an aſh gray; the large feathers of the wings and tail are white in the male and black in the female.

What in particular diſtinguiſhes theſe large feathers, and renders them proper for making plumes, is, that they are ſoft, open, and flexible; that their barbs, compoſed of detached filaments, without conſiſtence and adheſion, are long and full; and, laſtly, that the white plumes of the male are ſuſceptible of aſſuming the fineſt tints.

The rarity and high price of theſe oſtrich feathers, which are brought to us from the Levant, might, no doubt, have ſuggeſted the idea of naturalizing theſe birds in Europe, had it been believed that they were capable of reſiding in any place but the burning ſands of Africa. But there is another kind of oſtrich, that of Magellan, which, inhabiting the cold diſtricts of South America, might thrive in our climates. It would be neceſſary to introduce it, and to try to multiply the breed, in order to take advantage of its eggs, its fleſh, and its feathers.

In the mean time, there is another ſpeculation which would ſucceed more ſpeedily, and with more certainty. It is, to multiply white turkeys, and to employ for plumes the feathers found on the lateral part of the thighs of theſe animals.—This ſubſtitute for oſtrich feathers would become uſeful to commerce.

Beſides the large oſtrich feathers which are ſeen waving with ſo much grace over the head-dreſs of ladies, there are ſome taken from other birds which ſerve alſo for ornamenting theſe heads. Of this kind are the feathers of the bird of paradiſe, and particularly the long and beautiful black feathers which proceed from the top of the head of the heron, forming an aigrette, which is balanced on their neck. Luxury adorns itſelf alſo with the feathers of the peacock. The colours of gold and of precious ſtones which nature has beſtowed in profuſion on the tail of this beautiful bird, are its excluſive property. Thoſe of the golden birds, the humming-bird, and others of the large family of the woodpeckers, exhibit the freſhneſs and velvety appearance of flowers, the poliſh of the moſt brilliant metals, the ſplendour of the moſt precious ſtones, and the variegated and dazzling reflection of the rays of the ſun. It has employed in trimming robes, the beautiful yellow and brilliant feathers of the neck of the

the toucan. It has not even diſdained to uſe, for the like purpoſe, the azured feathers of the jay, and with which that in the fable was not contented. So active a war was carried on ſome time ago againſt theſe birds, in order to obtain their feathers, that the farmers flattered themſelves with the hope of being ſoon freed from them. Unfortunately the rage for the feathers of the jay is over, and that bird continues, as before, to ravage the fields.

Not ſatisfied with objects of ornament, for which luxury employed thoſe feathers, embelliſhed with the moſt brilliant colours, the idea has been conceived of rendering them uſeful.

It is with ſkins furniſhed with feathers of the ſame birds, to which are added, thoſe of the ſwan, duck, diver, pintado, pheaſant, &c. that muffs and palatines are made.

The ſkins deſtined for this purpoſe (ſays M. Veillot, in the Nouveau Dictionaire d'Hiſtoire Naturelle), ought not to be thoſe of birds which have died of diſeaſe, or which have been killed in moulting time. In this caſe the feathers would drop off, or would not be in a ſtate of perfection. None, therefore, muſt be employed but thoſe of birds killed in their ſtate of perfection, and ſtripped off ſoon after their death, eſpecially when the weather is hot; otherwiſe the ſame effects would reſult from corruption as from diſeaſe.

When the ſkin has been freed from all its impurities, it is ſpread over a ſmall table, the plumage downwards, and the feathers previouſly well arranged over each other. To ſtretch it better, it is fixed with pins, or with a thread.

The greaſe and fleſh which may adhere to it, are then removed, and the rents in it, if any, are ſewed up. The ſkin is then covered with glue, prepared from a handful of farina, a pinch of common ſalt, and as much good white-wine as is neceſſary to mix it up, and bring it to the proper conſiſtence.

The ſkin being thus covered, is expoſed to dry to the north wind, after which it is cleaned by ſcraping it, which may be eaſily done, as the glue detaches itſelf in ſcales. After this operation, if it ſtill retain any humidity, it muſt be again covered with glue, and dried as before.

When well dried, it is fixed with thread upon paper, or on a riband, to preſerve it, and incloſed in a box, the bottom of which is covered with abſynthium or roſewood. If an agreeable odour be required in the ſkin, it will be neceſſary, before it is taken from the table, and after it has been ſcraped, to give it, with a ſponge, a ſtratum or two of ſome odoriferous compoſition.

When the ſkins are thoſe of large birds, vinegar, in which ſalt or alum has been diſſolved, is uſed inſtead of wine; ſeveral ſtrata

of this mixture are daubed over them; the quantity depends on the thickneſs of the ſkin.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Sketch of the Religious and Literary State of Europe at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century.

[From Mr. Mill's Tranſlation of Villers on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther.]

RELIGIOUS ſuperſtition, which had more or leſs tormented all thoſe nations, began to abate in ſome places; and enlightened men every where appeared who ſucceſsfully attacked it. The doctrine of the Waldenſes and Albigenſes was not forgotten in France. Wickliff had lifted up his voice in England, and had been heard. The Huſſites, and their ſucceſs in Bohemia, have already been mentioned.

The princes and kings all bore with more or leſs impatience the pride and pretenſions of the Roman pontiff. Some of them ventured to oppoſe him openly; and the univerſity of Paris more than once ſerved as the inſtrument of the royal power in anſwering the menaces of Rome. The courage was even acquired of appealing to a future council, which thus was plainly ſet above the pope. Other princes, whether from conviction or policy, ſtill bent the knee before Rome, and appeared to make common cauſe with the head of the church. Charles V. for example, could not avoid remaining connected with the holy ſee. It was his intereſt to conciliate its ſupport in Italy, where he wiſhed to rule. His ſubjects in Spain, where the inquiſition had been lately introduced, and where the terror of the Moors which they had ſo long endured, had confirmed the people in the moſt ſuperſtitious Catholiciſm, would have inſtantly revolted againſt him if he had appeared a leſs zealous Catholic than they.

The countries which enjoyed a republican conſtitution, and which maintained among them a bolder ſentiment of liberty, were thoſe too which ſhewed themſelves leaſt timid with regard to Rome. It is well known with what noble firmneſs the ſenate of Venice oppoſed a conſtant barrier to her uſurpations. Some cantons, eſſentially republican, as Holland, Holſtein, and Lower Germany, were never entirely Popiſh, and the reformation found them already reformed.

The eyes of men, moreover, began to open. The impolitic violence of ſome popes, the ſcandalous lives of others, the ſhameleſs profligacy of their court and capital, the bad morals of the clergy, the ignorance and impudence of ſeveral of the mendicant orders, thoſe faithful ſatellites of the papal throne; the

the ſeventy years of captivity at Avignon; the ſchiſm of forty years which ſucceeded, when two popes, and even three were ſeen, all having their partiſans, all reviling and excommunicating one another, loading each other with diſguſting reproaches and imputations of the baſeſt crimes, lively expoſures, which covered with ignominy both rivals at once; the multiplied exactions of the church, particularly indulgences, the monſtrous abuſe of the moſt monſtrous of powers; the intolerance and cruelties of the inquiſition; theſe are cauſes abundantly ſufficient to explain that hatred and contempt of the Romiſh hierarchy which ſecretly lurked in every corner. But what was to become of a power founded entirely upon opinion, the moment opinion was withdrawn from it? To doubt of its rights was to annihilate them; to inſpect its foundations, was to undermine them; to examine was to deſtroy.

The popes, in the mean time, who knew better, perhaps, than any one elſe the deep wounds by which their authority ſuffered, allowed no appearance of this conſciouſneſs to eſcape, and affected that ſecurity which impoſes upon opinion. They knew how to yield at times, and to bend when neceſſity conſtrained them to it; but they changed their tone as little as poſſible, always hoping that a better time would return, a time of bigotry and of darkneſs, in which they might diſplay, in all its magnificence, their obſtinate ſyſtem of *Lamaiſm*. The iraſcible Paul III. as audacious as Hildebrand, ſummoned the king of England to appear before him; and on the refuſal of the no leſs iraſcible Henry VIII. declared him to have forfeited his crown for himſelf and his deſcendants for ever. Pius IV. treated the king of Naples in the ſame manner: Pius V. pronounced a ſimilar ſentence againſt the high-minded Elizabeth of England; and on each of theſe occaſions the vicar of Jeſus Chriſt held forth with aſſurance his inconteſtible rights over all thrones and all the earth. He allotted America as faſt as it was diſcovered, and even before it was diſcovered; and he had his legion of authors, of theologians, and of lawyers, who demonſtrated with intrepidity all the ſanctity and evidence of his rights. The grateful church has placed the names of ſeveral of them in the calendar.

This ſyſtem, which ſubjected civil ſociety to the iron ſceptre of an excluſive church; a church out of which there was no ſalvation, could not fail to alienate from her by degrees the ſuperior order of minds. Remonſtrances, complaints, aroſe on all ſides. A thouſand voices joined together to demand a reformation of the church in the head and in the members, in faith and in morals; theſe are the conſecrated terms. Three councils in rapid ſucceſſion, at Piſa, Conſtance, and Baſle, had diſcloſed the wounds of that aged body, and probed them to the bottom. The general conſtraint and diſſatisfaction had become more viſi-

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ble than ever at the beginning of the 16th century; and in this ſtate of affairs it was that the young and voluptuous Medicis aſcended the pontifical throne. A friend to the fine arts, from which he expected only celebrity and enjoyment, an artful, but preſumptuous politician, prepoſſeſſed with contempt for the unpoliſhed coarſeneſs of Germany, under which he was unable to diſcern a penetration and manlineſs of character, the energy of which he was ſoon to experience, Leo X. was not poſſeſſed of powers to contend with Luther; and the haughty weakneſs of the one prepared abundant ſucceſs to the intrepid firmneſs of the other.

The ignorance which the barbarians of the north brought with them into Europe, ſeconded by the continual wars and devaſtations which from the time of their appearance deſolated that part of the globe, had extinguiſhed in it almoſt every ray of learning. That low degree of inſtruction which was ſilently tranſmitted through the firſt years of the middle ages was confined to the eccleſiaſtics, and in a great meaſure to the cloiſters. In thoſe retreats, often reſpected by the ſuperſtition of ferocious warriors, who reſpected nothing elſe, ſome books were preſerved and copied, the annals of the times were compoſed, and a certain mixture was taught, in general extremely abſurd, but ſometimes not a little aſtoniſhing both for its ſubtlety and brilliancy, of a theology, a logic, and metaphyſics, in the higheſt degree deformed, and by which hardly any clear and juſt ideas were conveyed to the ſtudent. It will be eaſily underſtood that I ſpeak of the ſcholaſtic philoſophy which had ſo many periods of varying and oppoſite fortune; a deſert uninhabitable by common ſenſe; but here and there interſperſed with ſpots, where we diſcover the hand of a beneficent nature, and on which the mind dwells with ecſtacy.

If the churchmen preſerved in this manner the faint tradition of knowledge, it muſt, at the ſame time be acknowledged, that in their hands it more than once became dangerous, and was converted by its guardians to pernicious purpoſes. The domination of Rome, built upon a ſcaffolding of falſe hiſtorical proofs, had need of the aſſiſtance of thoſe faithful auxiliaries, to employ on the one ſide their half knowledge to faſcinate men's eyes, and on the other to prevent thoſe eyes from perceiving the truth, and from becoming enlightened by the torch of criticiſm. The local uſurpations of the clergy in ſeveral places were founded on ſimilar claims, and had need of ſimilar means for their preſervation. It followed therefore both that the little knowledge permitted ſhould be mixed with error, and that the nations ſhould be carefully maintained in profound ignorance, favourable to ſuperſtition.

Learning, as far as poſſible, was rendered inacceſſible to the laity. The ſtudy of the ancient languages was repreſented as idolatrous and abominable. Above all, the reading of the holy ſcriptures, that ſacred inheritance of all Chriſtians, was ſeverely interdicted. To read the Bible, without the permiſſion of one's ſuperiors, was a crime: to tranſlate it into the vulgar tongue would have been a temerity worthy of the ſevereſt puniſhment. The popes had indeed their reaſons for preventing the words of Jeſus Chriſt from reaching the people, and a direct communication from being eſtabliſhed between the goſpel and the Chriſtian. When it becomes neceſſary to keep in the ſhade objects as conſpicuous as faith and public worſhip, it behoved the darkneſs to be univerſal and impenetrable. When the numerous legions of mendicant monks were found inſufficient for this purpoſe, the horrible inquiſition was invented, to extinguiſh by blood and tears every ſpark of light which the night ſhould exhibit.

But the efforts of men cannot for ever counteract the courſe of nature. It was neceſſary that the morning ſhould re-appear; that day ſhould follow; and throw its rays upon the phantom of the night; the objects at once of the ſcorn and admiration of men. The univerſity of Paris already had daughters worthy of her in Germany and in England. That of Wirtemberg, where Luther and Melancthon began their career as profeſſors, had been lately founded. Sovereigns inſpired by the genius of the times, by the love of glory, and the captivating ſplendour of learning, a thing as yet ſo new, encouraged its revival by ſimilar eſtabliſhments. It became impracticable to impoſe ſilence upon ſo many ſchools, which laboured to render themſelves more illuſtrious, the one than the other. The ancient languages, hiſtory, and criticiſm, were taught in them publicly, in ſpite of the clamours of the partizans of ignorance. Science, at laſt eſcaped from her ſtate of tutelage, and broke by degrees her ancient covenant with error. The art of printing, that ineſtimable bleſſing to the human race, and the greateſt gift which mind ever received from the hands, had been lately invented in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, diffuſed light with extraordinary efficacy, and prevented the poſſibility of its being ever again ſhut up under a buſhel. At the other extremity of Germany, on the banks of the Viſtula, Copernicus had reformed the doctrine of the celeſtial motions, and explained their real order, which the bulls of popes have not ſince been able to alter. When we conſider the firſt years of this ſixteenth century, it is impoſſible not to regard it as one of the moſt deciſive in reſpect to the progreſs and amelioration of our ſpecies.

During this firſt conflict between light and darkneſs, each party confirmed and ſtrengthened itſelf in its own opinion, and made preparation for a deciſive action. At the head of the party

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of literature, the public voice had placed the modeſt and ingenious Eraſmus, of Rotterdam. His pointed ſatires againſt the exceſſes of the clergy, and the ſtupidity of the monks, had made a deep impreſſion. He contributed powerfully to revive the taſte for ancient literature and criticiſm.

Reuchlin, who had attained great eminence in philology, and had taught in almoſt every part of Europe, was at this time ſettled in Germany, his native country, and excited there a great enthuſiaſm for the ſtudy of the languages, eſpecially the Greek and Hebrew, for the peruſal of the ſacred books in the original tongues, and for the critical expoſition of the Bible. The theological inquiſitors of Cologne, among others the boiſterous Hochſtraten, who had ſolicited and obtained an imperial edict to burn and exterminate all Hebrew books, fought a quarrel with Reuchlin, and wanted to prove that the ſtudy of Greek, as well as Hebrew, was of pernicious influence on faith. Perhaps they had reaſon, in their own ſenſe; and every kind of ſtudy was in truth dangerous to the inquiſition, and to the power which hired ſuch auxiliaries. At any rate the diſpute excited prodigious attention; and ended by covering with ſhame the patrons of ignorance. The Hebraiſts triumphed. Ulrich de Hutten, a young gentleman of Franconia, ardent, and full of genius, a ſoldier, a poet, a learned man, and even a theologian, wrote on this occaſion the celebrated "Letters of Obſcure Men," *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum Virorum*, a keen and well-directed ſatyr, which poured on the oppoſite party irreſiſtible ridicule.

Such is the great outline of the picture of Europe at the era of the reformation, as well in what relates to politics [ſee page 370], as in what relates to religion, and the culture of the mind.

Account of Mr. Meckelſon, an eminent Surgeon-Dentiſt.

THIS perſon died, a few weeks ago, at his houſe in Coventry-ſtreet. Notwithſtanding he was ſo eminent in his profeſſion for ſo many years, he was not bred to the practice. He was a native of Denmark, and of a reſpectable family, from whom he inherited an independent property. This he entruſted to the management of his father-in-law, by whom it was profuſely ſquandered; on which, turning his thoughts immediately to an induſtrious purſuit, he placed himſelf as an apprentice to a jeweller. His ſkill, addreſs, and abilities, were ſo conſpicuous in this profeſſion, that young Meckelſon was favourably noticed by the king, for whom his maſter was employed. He came to England at the cloſe of the late reign, and worked as a journeyman jeweller with great ſucceſs, by which he procured ſome

money. He did not continue many years at his trade; but, becoming acquainted with Mrs. Julien, who was a dentiſt in Coventry-ſtreet, he entered into partnerſhip with her. This he has often mentioned as the moſt diſagreeable part of his life; but he ſoon acquired eminence, and attended many of the firſt families in this country; of courſe, his charges were proportionate.

He uſed to relate the following anecdote of the late Lord Marchmont, whoſe parſimony was well known:—A ſtrange perſon had called on him many years, whom he always ſuppoſed to be a taylor, and was, on that account, extremely moderate in his charges; nor did the perſon ever attempt to undeceive him, but always found fault with his demand. This perſon he, by accident, diſcovered to be Lord Marchmont. The next time he called, a ſudden alteration took place in his charges, and what had been two guineas to the poor taylor, was now twenty to the earl of Marchmont.

In his manners he was remarkably polite, and, for many years, was known, from his partiality to flowers, by the name of *Beau Bouquet*. In winter he was always to be met with a remarkably fine noſegay, and his houſe was always decorated with flowers and birds. In his perſon he was tall and well made, and, when young, he was reckoned very handſome: 'till within theſe few years, he uſed to go annually to court. It is not quite certain what was his age: he has reſided upwards of forty years in Coventry-ſtreet; and, upon any calculation, cannot have been leſs than eighty-ſeven. He was very partial to ornamenting his houſe, and his collection of paintings, eſpecially of fruit and flowers, evince a very ſuperior taſte; and his China, of which he had ſeveral ſets, is extremely valuable: he had a perfect tea ſet of Dreſden porcelain, which he thought could not be matched in Europe, and alſo a deſert ſet, with uncommonly curious figures.

Letter written by Sir William Jones to Lord Teignmouth (then Sir John Shore), two Months previous to the departure of Lady Jones for England.

My Dear Sir,

A Few days after I troubled you about the yatch, I felt a ſevere pang on hearing of your domeſtic misfortune; and I felt more for you than I ſhould for moſt men, on ſo melancholy an occaſion, becauſe I well know the ſenſibility of your heart. The only topic of conſolation happily preſented itſelf to you: reaſon, perhaps, might convince us, that the death of a created being never happens without the will of the Creator who go-

verns this world by a ſpecial interpoſition of his providential care; but as this is a truth which revelation expreſsly teaches us, our only true comfort in affliction muſt be derived from Chriſtian philoſophy, which is ſo far from encouraging us to ſtifle our natural feelings, that even the divine author of it wept on the death of a friend.

This doctrine, though ſuperfluous to you, is always preſent to my mind; and I ſhall have occaſion in a few years, by the courſe of nature, to preſs it on the mind of Lady Jones, the great age of whoſe mother is one of my reaſons for hoping moſt anxiouſly that nothing may prevent her returning to England this ſeaſon. ****I will follow her as ſoon as I can, poſſibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the ſeaſon after that; for although I ſhall have more than enough to ſupply all the wants of a man who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough, than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wiſh to complete the ſyſtem of Indian laws, becauſe I wiſh to perform whatever I promiſe with the leaſt poſſible imperfection; and in ſo difficult a work doubts might ariſe, which the pundits alone could remove. You continue, I hope, to find the gardens healthy. Nothing can be more pleaſant than the houſe in which we live; but it might juſtly be called the temple of the winds, eſpecially as it has an octagon form, like that erected at Athens to thoſe boiſterous divinities. I cannot get rid of the rheumatiſm which their keen breath has given me, and ſubmit with reluctance to the neceſſity of wrapping myſelf in ſhawls and flannel. We continue to be charmed with the perſpicuity, moderation, and eloquence of Filangieri.

Of European politics I think as little as poſſible, not becauſe they do not intereſt my heart, but becauſe they give me too much pain. I have "good-will towards men, and wiſh peace on earth," but I ſee chiefly under the ſun the two claſſes of men, the oppreſſor and oppreſſed. I have no fear in England of open deſpotiſm, nor of anarchy. I ſhall cultivate my fields and gardens, and think as little as poſſible of monarchs and oligarchs.

I am, &c.

On this letter Lord Teignmouth has made ſome reflections which do great honour to his ſenſibility: he ſays:

"It would not be eaſy to give expreſſion to the feelings excited by the peruſal of this letter, nine years after the date of it. In recalling the memory of domeſtic misfortunes, which time had nearly obliterated, it revives with new force the recollection of that friend, whoſe ſympathy endeavoured to ſoothe the ſorrows of a father for the loſs of his children. The tranſition by Sir William Jones to the circumſtances of his own ſituation is natural, and the conjugal boſom may perhaps ſympathize with a fond huſband, anticipating the affliction of the wife of his affection,

tion, and his own efforts to conſole her; that wife however ſtill ſurvives to lament her irreparable loſs in the death of Sir William Jones himſelf, and had for ſome years been affectionately occupied in ſoothing, by the tendereſt aſſiduities, the increaſing infirmities of an aged mother."

Deſcription of the Vale of Feſtiniog, in North Wales.

[From a Tour through North Wales.]

IF it be contraſt that gives its charm to the canvaſs of the painter and the page of poetry, nature herſelf derives ſuperior power from the ſame ſource, and, under its influence, at once amazes and enraptures the beholder; a ſtriking inſtance of which is to be witneſſed on the approach to the vale of Feſtiniog, juſtly celebrated as one of the fineſt ſpots in North Wales. On each ſide of the narrow channel through which you paſs, the mountains riſe in terrific and frowning volumes. An awful gloom enwraps the ſcene, as it were, in myſterious ſublimity. Even the ſilent operations of nature ſeem to pauſe, and all the dreary horrors of vacuity to uſurp their place. Emerging from this gloom, the traveller views, ſpread at his feet, a lovely and peaceful valley, where nature ſmiles in her moſt luxuriant mood; where wood, water, and meadow, appear diſpoſed by the hands of tutelar fairies, ſo as to produce the moſt faſcinating effect of picturеſque ſcenery, and form a ſhade fit only for the "ſacred footſtep of the pilgrim poet."

The various charms of this neighbourhood prevailed on me to ſtop here for ſome days, and many delightful little excurſions amply gratified my expectations. Mountain ſcenery does not at once diſcloſe all its beauties, but borrows a new form from the tempeſt, the calm, and the ſunſet. Like the fabled camelion, therefore, it preſents a variable face to different obſervers; and he alone can be termed familiar with its peculiarities who has watched its viciſſitudes. The vale of Feſtiniog, perhaps, is ſeen to the greateſt advantage on the deſcent to it from the road that leads to Bala. The cluſtering rocks that ſhade this wild and ſolitary road withdraw by ſlow degrees to amphitheatrical regularity, and, aſſuming a new character, afford a majeſtic protection to the ſweet and fruitful vale. Softened into partial fertility, they attain a rich clothing of underwood, the want of which is ſupplied, if it fail to climb their ſummits, by purple heath. Along the verdant and undulating meadows of the valley flows, in a meandring track, the river Drwydd; and at the extreme of the picture is ſeen the ocean, with thoſe craggy and fantaſtic rocks on its margin ſo common on the Caernarvonſhire coaſt. As I trod this deſcent, the ſun was ſlowly ſinking down a ſpot-

leſs azure ſky, leaving ſome mountains half loſt in ſhade, deepening the purple tint of others, and glittering on the diſtant ſea. Theſe objects taken altogether preſent a ſcene of beauty and grandeur indeſcribable to the cold pencil of the journaliſt, and well calculated to make the poet and the painter ceaſe to regret that expanſe of water that ſhuts from their reſearch the wonders of Switzerland.

The principal proprietor of the vale is Mr. Oakley, who poſſeſſes his right by a marriage with the daughter and heireſs of the late Mr. Griffiths. He has a handſome white houſe that overlooks his little enchanted territory; in the retirement of which, if he do not paſs hours of the moſt refined enjoyment, he certainly cannot place it to the account of extrinſic circumſtances. Scattered along the woody barrier of mountains, are likewiſe many neat detached cottages, the views from which muſt amply recompence the adventurous ſpirit of thoſe who reſide in them. The inn (ſomewhat arbitrarily termed merely Tan-y-bwich inn) is agreeably ſituated, and contains every comfort that even the voluptuous traveller can deſire.

Character of the late amiable Mrs. Boſcawen.

SHE was the only daughter of William Evelyn Glanville, Eſq. of St. Clere, in Ightham, Kent; married to the admiral in December, 1742, and had by him three ſons and two daughters; of whom two of the former died, and the youngeſt, George Evelyn, ſucceeded to the title of Viſcount Falmouth, and the two daughters, Frances married to the Hon. John Leviſon Gower, brother to Earl Gower, and Elizabeth married to the late duke of Beaufort. Of this lady Mr. Boſwell ſays, "Her manners were the moſt agreeable, and her converſation the beſt of any lady with whom he had the happineſs of being acquainted." Nor is he ſingular in his opinion. Her mind was cultivated by reading the beſt authors, and the converſation of men of letters; and the inſcription on her huſband's monument in Penkevil church, Cornwall, was compoſed by her.

Of the ſpirit of this lady, the following anecdote is related. During the memorable conteſt between Keppel and Palliſer, the mob in the intereſt of the former ſtopped before her houſe, and inſiſted on its being illuminated. She reſiſted this demand; and putting her head out of the window, exclaimed, "Why ſhould I light for the man who did not engage the French, when my huſband beat them?" Roſedale, at the entrance of Richmond, from Kew, her ladyſhip's property, devolves to her ſon, Lord Viſcount Falmouth. It was formerly occupied by Thomſon, the author of "The Seaſons," who was interred in Richmond church.

church. The table he wrote on, his chair, and cane, are ſtill preſerved in the houſe. Her remains were interred with due ſolemnity in the vault which contains thoſe of the gallant admiral, at St. Michael-Penkevil church, near Truro.

THOUGHTS *on* WAR.

THE inceſſant wars in which mankind were engaged, during the three great empires of the Perſians, Greeks, and Romans, and the transfer of power from one to the other, afford us ſtrong proofs of the weakneſs of human nature; but we are not to judge of the extent of its powers from the abuſe of them in the trifling diſplays of ambition and of bodily ſtrength. We might as well judge of manhood by the efforts of paſſion in a ſchool of boys; and in fact the world is but a ſchool, in which the Perſians, Greeks, and Romans occupied the loweſt forms. The French and Engliſh of the preſent day are evidently not advanced much beyond them; they are in a higher form, but very far, very far indeed from the top of the ſchool.

Theſe wars alſo are not ſuch dreadful things as at firſt ſight they may appear to the peaceful mind, which views in them nothing but miſery and ſlaughter, attended by no advantages to ſociety. They are like ſtorms and tempeſts, wretched, truly, to thoſe on whom the fury of the blaſt is expended, but beneficial on the whole to human nature. Had the Perſian government been ſuffered to exiſt longer, what a miſerable race of beings would have been produced to deſtroy the fruits of the earth, without any advantage to the world! Their ſtate was aſſimulated to a putrid lake; nothing could reſtore fertility to the neighbouring ſoil, or ſweeten the waters, but a complete ſyſtem of drainage, and the pouring in of freſh ſtreams. This country ceaſed to produce men, and fell deſervedly a prey to thoſe who poſſeſſed their original energy of character.

The transfer of empire from one nation to another is not only an object of deep contemplation, but of ſerious concern to ourſelves. If in the ſyſtem of divine providence it has been determined, that dominion ſhould be thus progreſſive, if it has travelled from the mountains of Perſia to Greece, and thence to Rome: if the proſperity of a ſtate is ſeldom for a long time ſtationary, is attained by certain qualities which are conſtantly followed by thoſe of an oppoſite nature, it is natural to look forward to the fate of our own country, and form a conjecture on the fortunes of the riſing generation. Symptoms, indeed, of an alarming nature do appear in this kingdom: luxury and diſſipation have begun the aſſault: public virtue is on the decline: inordinate ſelfiſhneſs prevails: a rapacious ſyſtem of taxation, and a fondneſs for ſhow and amuſements, threaten to diſſolve the gradual

dual diſtinction of ranks, and to make only two orders, viz. rich and poor, in the community. The phyſical ſtrength and moral qualities of the race are very nearly allied. The life that is now led by the higher claſſes, will naturally enfeeble the next generation; and the country deſervedly falls, when it no longer produces a ſufficient number of men, qualified by their talents to guide its counſels, and to defend it by their valour.

But if Great Britain is doomed to run through a ſimilar progreſs to that of other nations, we are not to doubt, that it is for wiſe purpoſes that it falls, and that its ruin may afford leſſons of political wiſdom to nations yet unborn. When Babylon was at the height of its ſplendour, Cyrus was prepared for its deſtruction: when Darius exulted in the ſtability of his empire, Greece was ſtrengthened to hurl him from his throne; and a nation was prepared to perform the ſame ſervice to the Grecians when they became degenerate. Europe has not, by her conduct, ſhewn herſelf worthy of particular favour: but the loſs of her may not in future times be regretted, ſince the ſtates of North America are now riſing in the world, and there are ſome faint hopes that they will not exemplify exactly the ſame folly as their predeceſſors in empire.

A Traveller's Account of his Viſit to the Tomb of Frederick the Second at Potzdam.

THE laſt rays of the ſetting ſun yet ſhone upon the white turrets of Potzdam as we entered the town. I drove to the Hermit, a very commodious inn, where I left the carriage, and proceeded through the ſtreets alone. 'Till I ſet foot in this ſpot, I had not experienced a moment of illuſion that could diſſipate the melancholy occaſioned by the painful circumſtances which gave riſe to my viſiting Germany. A thouſand times, ſince my arrival at Berlin, had I ſaid to myſelf, how well Seneca knew the economy of the human mind, when he obſerved of thoſe who travel with a view of diſſipating affliction, "*Hoc ſe quiſque modo ſemper fugit; ſed quid prodeſt, ſi non effuget? Sequitur ſe ipſum et urget graviſſimus comes.*" But, for the firſt time ſince I had left all that is dear to a man who has any feelings of humanity, I found my ſpirits exhilarated by ſomething very like a degree of enthuſiaſm, which ſeemed gradually to awaken me from that ſtate into which I had hitherto been plunged, O precious ſentiment! be it enthuſiaſm or prejudice, which can electrify a wounded heart, ſo as to make it vibrate once more, though for an inſtant only, with tranſient intereſt in the objects that ſurround it!—Yes; the ſenſes began to do their office once more:—I felt; and thought again.

I had wandered, rapt in meditation on Pruſſia and the extraordinary Frederick with that rapidity of thought which carries us over the tranſactions of centuries in a moment; I had fought the battles of Breſlau, Boſbach, Prague; had made the famous retreat of Olmutz, and was returned triumphant from the ſecond Sileſian incurſion, when the ſoft and melancholy note of a nightingale, from a lofty pine in the woods of Sans Souci, directed my waking dream to that beautiful little palace. "It was at the termination of that ſucceſsful campaign," ſaid I to myſelf, "that this ſpot was built!" The nightingale continued its ſong, and my mind was by degrees ſinking again into its former train of painful thoughts, when my meditations were interrupted by a voice cloſe to my ear, pronouncing "*Was willſt du?*" I turned my head; and a Pruſſian ſentinel informed me that I had got out of my road.

The evening began to lower, and the clouds, collecting, ſeemed to hang cloſe over our heads. I had reſolved to viſit the ſepulchre of Frederick the Second, in the garriſon church, that afternoon; and it was not a trifling ſtorm that could turn me from my purpoſe, eſpecially as the perſons whom we met ſeemed of opinion that the clouds would paſs over. The church was accordingly opened: we advanced through this military place of worſhip. The perſon who has the care of it had juſt put the key into the iron-grated door of the ſpot where the mortal remains of Frederick repoſe, when a flaſh of vivid lightning ſtruck upon two fine white marble ſtatues of Mars and Bellona, which were cloſe by us. The man had now opened the grated door, when another flaſh, more fiery than the former, darted upon the coffin of the king, which, being covered with dull metal, returned a dim reflection, and a violent clap of thunder at that moment ſucceeded. Thus was the tomb of the mouldering warrior opened in thunder and fire! We ſtood between the coffin of Frederick the Second, and the enormouſly large black marble bier of his father, Frederick-William the Firſt, the only bodies in the ſepulchre. The thunder continued to roar through the vaulting of the church, and the lightning to play upon the dead and the living group. "*Requieſcat in pace!*" ſaid I, at length, retiring. "Amen," rejoined my German conductor: the grated door was then cloſed, and Frederick's ſhade, left to its "*dura quies*," was no more moleſted by living curioſity that night. I returned to the inn.

SKETCH *of the* CORONATION *of* BONAPARTE.

MR. BLOUNT, an Engliſh gentleman who happened to be at Paris at the time, gives the following account of this magnificent ceremony.

"My

" My permiſſion to remain in Paris is certainly a very great advantage; a more agreeable priſon it is impoſſible to have; not that I go much into the gay world, but the ſociety of a few particular friends renders it to me far ſuperior to Fontainbleau or Verdun. But amongſt the pleaſures of this priſon I muſt not forget that of having been preſent at the coronation, when I ſaw, as you may well imagine, every thing worthy of notice. The pope, the emperor, the empreſs, *les grands ſeigneurs*, &c. at the proceſſion; the *portecroix*, upon an aſs, preceding his holineſs's carriage.—*Apropos* of his holineſs; I received his benediction a few weeks ago, and am inclined to think my morals are ſomewhat mended ſince. The proceſſion, on the whole, was nothing very grand, except his majeſty's coach, which for elegance and beauty far ſurpaſſed every thing of the kind I ever ſaw.—To talk to you of the beautiful illumination of the Boulevards for upwards of three miles in extent, of the magnificent fire-works let off in the evening, of the balloons, of the diſtribution of medals among the populace, of the fete given by the ſenate, the town, the marſhals, &c. &c. I ſhould perhaps only repeat what you muſt have already read in the papers; beſides, I am not at liberty, and they will afford ſubjects of converſation when I ſhall return home. The ceremony of taking the oath of fidelity to the emperor, by the ſoldiers, in the Champ de Mars, was extremely grand.

" Unfortunately the day was very unfavourable, and took much from the effect of the diſtribution of the imperial eagles to the troops. In ſhort, theſe fetes and rejoicings continued upwards of a month, and your fortunate brother had the pleaſure of being preſent at every thing worth notice. But what amuſed him the moſt was, the public lotteries for geeſe, turkies, fowl, pyes, meat, &c. &c. all ready cooked; ſo that the public had only to draw a ticket to get a dinner; and on each ſide of the lottery-ſtage were caſks of wine, to enable them to ſwallow with more eaſe the prizes which dame fortune had ſet before them. Nor can I paſs over in ſilence the illumination of the Thuilleries, eſpecially the gardens, which exceeded all deſcription, and recalled to my mind the beautiful enchantment of fairy tales."

AID *to* CONFESSION.

A Portugueſe cobler uſed to beat his wife moſt unmercifully a few days before his attendance on his confeſſor. A neighbour remonſtrated on his cruelty, and inquired into the cauſe of it. Why, ſays the cobler, I am a great ſinner, but have a very ſhort memory, ſo that I ſhould forget many of my ſins did I not beat my wife regularly before confeſſion; and then I am ſure that ſhe will put me in mind of every one of them.

SPANISH SANG FROID.

A Spaniard, who had but one eye, and ſtood in the gallery of a tennis-court to look at the players, had his other eye beat out by a tennis-ball: when, taking off his hat before the company, he, without the leaſt emotion, ſaid only theſe words: "*Buenas noches;* that is, "Good night."

AN ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Alexander Pope, by not putting his name at firſt to his Eſſay on Man, and giving it to a new publiſher, played his enemies a curious trick. The Eſſay, when printed, met with prodigious applauſe, and was thought not to be a compoſition of Mr. Pope. His ill-natured critics made this a handle to praiſe the ſuppoſed new genius at the expence of Mr. Pope; who, prefixing his name to that work in a future edition, threw them all into utter confuſion.

A QUESTION, *by Poor Robin.*

A Carpenter of my neighbourhood has a circular piece of oak, 9 feet in diameter, out of which he wiſhes to have a table cut in the form of a regular hexagon. He being unſkilled in mathematics, deſires ſome ingenious correſpondent to inform him, by trigonometry only, the ſide of the hexagon.

Anſwer, by a Student in Mr. Chivers's School, St. Auſtell, to R. Maffett's Queſtion, inſerted February 18.

A Noggin, wine meaſure, contains 7.21875 inches, and one-third thereof is 2.40625 inches, which call a. Put b = .7854, c = 2.297, &c. and x = the diameter of the glaſs; then per menſuration we have $x^2bc \div 3 = a$, per queſtion: This laſt equation being reſolved, gives $x = \sqrt{3.99999}$, &c. ſo that the diameter muſt be 2 inches, to hold one third of a noggin.—Q. E. D.

N. B. Mr. Maffett's queſtion may be reſolved without the help of algebra.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from T. Bullock, of St. Columb; and J. Skewes, of Gwennap.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to Miles's Charade, inſerted March 11.

A NAPKIN will diſcloſe your theme,
An uſeful article I ween.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; Adrianus; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; T. Whicker, of Exeter; and A. Kyne, junior, of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inſerted March 11.

TH' initials if you right cement,
The town of YARUM they'll preſent.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, of Poole; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; Adrianus; S. Moore, of Horſwell; Cornwallina, of St. Teath; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; T. Kite, of Stockland; and W. Gard, of Gittiſham.

Anſwer, by J. C. of St. Dominick, to an Anagram, inſerted March 11.

WHEN peace returns, and wars are o'er,
The thundering CANNON ceaſe to roar.

††† We have received the like anſwer from T. Pearſe, jun. of Camelford; G. Hann, jun. of Stockland; J. Lewis, of Poole; and P. Gove, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by H. T. E.*

SAFE on a fair one's arm my firſt may reſt,
And raiſe no tumult in an huſband's breaſt;
To thoſe who neither run, or walk, or fly,
My ſecond doth the want of feet ſupply:
My whole's the rival of the faireſt toaſt,
And when its lik'd the beſt it ſuffers moſt.

A CHARADE, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

MY firſt is oft us'd when our cauſe we proteſt;
My next it is certain you'll quickly ſeleſt:
My whole is the ſource of content and delight,
How charming to find, and how ſpecious to ſight.

A CHARADE, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

DEAR is my native firſt, and dear
The joys and charms that mingle there;
Dear are my friends, but dearer ſtill
The nymph who "won my right good will."
Say pow'rful next, can'ſt thou expreſs
The lover's flame and tenderneſs?
Ah no! the throb, the glow, the ſigh,
Thine energetic powers defy.
But O! thou darling of my ſoul!
To thee I'm doom'd to bid my whole;
Yet ſhould the fates propitious prove,
I'll end my days with thee and love.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO MY WATCH.

LITTLE ſocial, buſy toy,
Every moment in employ,
Never idle, never ſtill,
But obedient to my will.
What a monitor to me,
As thee ſo I ought to be,
Ne'er to tread in falſehood's way,
But in paths of truth to ſtray.

Come, inſtructing little friend,
Teach me right my time to ſpend;
Well I know thy hands diſplay
How my moments fleet away.
Ah! that thought recalls to view
Many paſs'd, neglected too!
Then how criminal am I,
Thus to let them careleſs fly!

Why then ſhould I waſte my prime?
Daily adding crime to crime;
Rather let me ſeek the road
To my Saviour, to my God.
Catch the moment as it flies,
By improving it be wiſe,
That I may when life ſhall ceaſe,
Reign above in joy and peace.

J. PASCAL.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

Tranſlated from the Perſian.

PRETTY little charming maid,
Pray approach, be not afraid;
Tho' thy beauty is thy boaſt,
'Tis not that I value moſt—
'Tis a pretty lovely mind,
Unto which my heart's inclin'd:
Mark me, as I claſp thy hand,
Let thy heart with grace expand;
Baniſh e'er that flaunting air,
Enemy unto the fair.

Men of ſenſe deteſt the charms
Which the coquette's boſom warms;
They adhere to nature's rules,
Antiques to our modern ſchools.

Could a true and ſimple mien
Not afflict thee with the ſpleen?
Could a want of apiſh grace
Not offend thy lovely face?
I, my love, ſhall favour find,
With an uncorrupted mind.

Then diſcard the giddy throng,
Seldom right, yet ever wrong,
Marring nature's ſacred mould
With the aid of ſordid gold.

You conſent? I think 'tis ſo—
Then, my Delia, let us go;
I enforce no cynic ties,
Too unpleaſing in thy eyes.
Mirth and pleaſure you ſhall find
Blended with the moral kind:
Then, unmatch'd, you ſtand alone
Independent, and thy own.

Should I find theſe charms in you,
Such will ever keep me true;
Keeping nature in my eye,
Quickly ſhall the moments fly.
Tho' thy verſe charms not the ear,
The muſic of thy voice ſhall cheer:
When I hail the muſe to ſing,
You, my love, ſhall touch the ſtring;
Thus thy beauty I'll rehearſe,
In ſimple, unaffected verſe!

J. DELL.

The DAWN.

SPRIGHTLY ſpirit of the dawn!
Breathe upon the dewy lawn:
Bid thy herald lark ariſe:
Fringe with gold thy purple ſkies:
Rouſe to ſong the ſilent bow'r:
Wake to life the ſleeping flow'r:
'Till each valley, hill and grove,
Glow with beauty, light, and love.

'Tis done—creation hails thy ſway,
All her tribes thy call obey.
Plants burſt from their parent mould:
Fragrant buds their leaves unfold:
Flow'rs, of every form and dye,
Cheer the ſenſe and charm the eye:
Birds, the echoing bow'rs among,
Pour the emulative ſong:
Hill and valley, wood and grove,
Glow with muſic, light, and love.

Fancy thus, with cheering ray,
Beams on youth's aſcending day.
Pict'ur'd proſpects, gay and bright,
Riſe before the raviſh'd ſight.
Soft the genial breezes blow:
Sweet the ſtrains of muſic flow:
Pleaſure leads the ſportive hours:
Beauty ſtrews the way with flow'rs:

Ardent

Ardent hope is on the wing—
All is gaiety and ſpring.

HAFIZ.

B E T S Y.

O! Sad the ſimple ditty
Which tells poor Betſy's woe,
Be her's your ſigh of pity,
'Tis all you can beſtow.
No flow'r ſo ſweetly blooming
Once grac'd her native plain,
'Till early care conſuming,
She never ſmil'd again.

A ſoldier's flatt'ring glory
Sedue'd young William's heart;
She ſaw the dupe of glory
To weſtern climes depart.
Three tedious twelve months over,
Conſum'd in tears away,
Return'd her hapleſs lover,
To pale diſeaſe a prey.

His feeble arms embrac'd her,
A faint ſmile lit his eye,
And think what grief o'ercaſt her,
She ſaw he came to die.
Three weeks, beſide his pillow,
She watch'd his parting breath,
The fourth the church-yard willow
Wav'd o'er his bed of death.

No heart-relieving ſhower
Reveal'd poor Betſy's pain,
Slow waſting, like a flower
Which droops for want of rain:
But now her woes are over,
Her nuptial couch is ſpread
Beſide her hapleſs lover,
Yet cold their bridal bed.

One ſtone their fate recording,
Oft draws fond friendſhip near,
Who mutely ſpells the wording,
And wipes the boneſt tear.
There oft the village maiden,
At dawn and evening hours,
Repairs, their turf o'erſhading
With wreaths of ſweeteſt flowers.

S. W.

LOVE STANZAS.

By Lord Viſcount STRANGFORD.

WHEN day has ſmil'd a long farewell,
And night-drops bathe each ſhutting bell,
And ſhadows fail along the green,
And birds are ſtill, and winds ſerene,
I wander ſilently!

And while my lone ſtep prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bleſs my view;
To mem'ry's eye the maid appears,
For whom have ſprung my ſweeteſt tears,
So oft, ſo tenderly!

I ſee her as with graceful care
She binds her braids of ſunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill,
Strike to my heart—and thence be ſtill
Re-echo'd faithfully!

I meet her mild and fervent eye,
Drink the warm ſpirit of her ſigh;
See young love beating in her breaſt,
And wiſh to mine its pulſes preſt,
God knows how fervently!

Such are the hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how ſwift the minutes flew,
When laſt among the dropping dew
I wander'd ſilently!

A REMONSTRANCE *to* FORTUNE.

SAVE poverty and pale diſeaſe,
Say what has life that cannot pleaſe,
If we would join a little ſenſe
To health and cleanly competence?
There are ('tis ſcarce within belief)
Coxcombs and dainty prigs in grief,
Who, tho' amidſt the joys they live
Which nature and which art can give,
Dead to enjoyment, ſtill remain
Dupes to imaginary pain;
By grief their depth of genius meaſure,
Mere blockheads in purſuit of pleaſure!
Dame fortune, this is all your doing,
Leading theſe happy men to ruin:
'Tis ſaid you're blind, and ſo beſtow
Your favours on theſe men of woe.
You muſt be deaf as well as blind,
To ſuch vile grumblers to be kind,
Or ſtunn'd by the perpetual cry
Of children riſing ſix feet high,
You'd learn, in future, to diſpenſe
Your ſmiles on men of worth and ſenſe.

ADVICE.

DRIVE from thy mind the dæmon diſcontent,
In chearful duty let thy life be ſpent.